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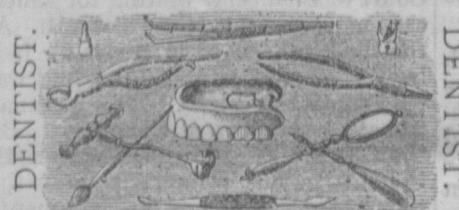
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VOLUME VII.

MEXICO, N. Y., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 14, 1878.

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POETRY.

THE LESSON.

[A beautiful answer was given by a little Scotch
girl; when her class at school was examined, she
replied to the question, "What is patience?"—
"Wait a wee, and dinna weary."]
A VILLAGE school-room—this the scene—
Aglow with a slant sun theory:
A dominie there, of youthful mien,
With the sun of his spirit sharp and keen,
And a class of girls in a worried row,
Some taller, and some of stature low,
And some like the morning sun, aye
To reach the summit of brave desire;
And, as aye, some mope, dreary!
"I canna an' winna teach, an' ye
Sae stupid the while I teech!"
Nae vision for cold but vanity!
With a thundering rap the dominie
Out-burst, clafed by a listless girl,
"Whose oar seemed to smooth and twirl
Her apron—streamers." "Will onie lass
Make answer in a' this glaskit class?"
The dominie sighed away.
"Oh, ay," said a little one, "I can tell."
"Weel, out w'll then, my dearie!"
And the frown from the master's forehead fell,
For the sweetest girl in the school was Nell—
"I want ye to show me the meaning plain
O' patience," said o'er and o'er again
I've put it this day!" Then the little maid,
With a roushling twinkle, soberly said,
"Wait a wee, and dinna weary."
—Mary B. Dodge.

STORE TELLER.

"Who is standing pilot this even-
ing?" said the superintendent, or
"boss," as he was called.
"Seth Martin," was the foreman's
reply.

"Tell him to come here, will you?
and hurry up!"
The foreman hastened away, and
both he and Seth Martin must have
"spread themselves," as the former
said, for in a few minutes the engine-
driver stood before his chief.

The great man took a compre-
hensive look at the engineer, who flinched
not a muscle. His clear, steady eyes
were as blue as the sky; a handsome,
brown beard ornamented his face,
which, albeit rather dirty, was full of
character and determination. To use
the popular expression, "he was pure
gold down to bed-rock."

The superintendent, satisfied with
the scrutiny, nodded to the engine-
driver and said:

"There's a special train out of Col-
linsville to-night, Seth."

"I know that," was the response.
"And it will require close watch-
ing," continued the chief.

"I suppose so—I know that," repeat-
ed Seth.

"You are mighty knowing this even-
ing," said the superintendent, smiling,
"but there is one thing you don't
know, sonny. You don't know that
you are going to run pilot to that train."

"Yes I do," replied the engine-driver.
"Who in thunder told you, then?
I didn't know it myself till ten min-
utes ago!"

"You told me this minute, then I
knew it," replied Seth, smiling, and
discussing his white, even teeth. "I'm
ready, boss."

"Seth Martin, you ought to be a
judge; your talents are thrown away
on this line. But listen; we've no
time to split straws in chaff. There's
a very festive gang of desperadoes
hanging about up Dartford way. They
nearly wrecked the through Pacific
last week. Fortunately, the passen-
gers were handy with their shootin'
irons, and bullets was rainin' pretty
thick, also there would have been
something unpleasant."

"Well," said the engine-driver, "go
ahead."

"Now you must run pilot to the
special train, and see that the line's
clear up as far as Dartford city. We
can stand up the trestle-bridge siding,
and wait to pull the wagons up the
Bunker incline through the cuttings.
Once safe there, ye can rattle along,
and mind ye keep a good lookout."

"You bet!" was Seth's reply. "I'd
better take my six-shooter, I suppose.
We'll have to fight, may be."

"Most likely," replied the superin-
tendent coolly.

"Keep this quiet. I've got men on
the lookout along the line. Who's
your mate?"

"English Tom Atkins," was the re-
ply. "He's grit!"

"All right, then," said the chief.
"Now don't drink; keep a full head of
steam; bring back the specie safe, and
—"

"Well," drawled the other, coolly.
"I'll provide for your family if you're
hurt or shot; if not, I'll reward you."

"Is that all, then? Well, good
night, boss, and thank ye."

"Good luck," was the answer; "I'll
not forget you."

Seth turned away with a nod of ac-
knowledge and directed his steps
to the shed where his engine was
"standing pilot." This means that
the engine had steam up (or was "in
steam," to speak technically), and was
ready for any sudden emergency. The
driver was just as well pleased to run

a couple of hundred miles on a dark
night, even with the chance of being
shot, as to have an invitation to the
"White House" itself.

"Tom!"
"Hallo!" came back in an unmis-
takable English voice.

"Fire up a bit; we're bound west;
specie pilot; 10 o'clock. Keep it quiet."

A man unseen by the driver put up
his head to listen.

Seth was a man of action, and so
was his mate, Tom Atkins. They
looked at the engine and their revolv-
ers; put a dozen cartridges in a tin
can, filled a similar can with some old
Bourbon whiskey at a saloon close by,
whither they were followed by the
man who had been listening to their
conversation, and who noted their
preparations.

After communicating with some ac-
complice, this mysterious individual
left the saloon, and made his way to-
ward the signal box which stood some
distance down the line.

As soon as the engine-driver and his
mate were recognized, they were warm-
ly welcomed, for they were favorites.
Many drinks were tendered for their
acceptance, and declined on various
pleas, till at length one man declared
the Britisher wanted to fix an insult
on a free-born citizen. He offered Seth
and Tom a glass apiece, saying:

"What's up, mate? Swore off, eh?"
"For this evening," replied Seth,
"but as I'd rather drink than fight
just now, I'll take your treat." So the
men each took the proffered glass,
but scarcely tasted it; and soon after-
ward Seth, fearing that some inkling
of his intended mission might leak
out, beckoned to his fireman to follow
as quickly as possible, and then left the
saloon. He lit a cigar, climbed up to
the "cab" of his engine (all American
locomotives are protected and
closed in) and began to smoke.

He smoked in comfort for about a
quarter of an hour, then he felt "queer."
"These is stronger cigars than usual,"
he muttered, and he threw it from
him. But the oppression on his brain
became heavier; he felt very sleepy
now.

"I think I'll have a nap; it's only
about 9 o'clock, I must; there's an
hour yet. I wonder where Tom is?
It's my opinion Tom will drink too
much, or—"

His train of thought was suddenly
interrupted. All at once it flashed
upon him that he had himself been
drugged in the saloon.

"That's it, what a thundering idiot
I am! He essayed to rise, but felt
quite bewildered. He made hopeless
attempts to stand upright, but could
do nothing. He was as useless as a
child; but worse than all, he was con-
scious of his inability to do his duty.
Ten o'clock rang out. He struggled
to his feet. His head was spinning
around, his feet were as heavy as lead-
en weights. He opened the sliding
door, but ere he could descend a blow
from behind sent him flying into space
—a splash and down he sank into a
large pond containing a quantity of
surplus water for the locomotive tanks.

At the same moment three men
climbed up on the engine, and, with a
low, but hearty chuckle, started it out
from the siding.

"I think we did that neat," said the
shortest of the party. "I didn't lis-
ten to the boss for nothin' this time.
The specie train will run after all, you
see. Oh! they couldn't catch me
tripping. No, sir!"

"The savage will do the bridge, I
suppose," said another. "He's to work
on the up line, isn't he?"

"Aye, only on that side. You did
that Britisher pretty, I must say. He
and Seth was kinder cautious, too."

"I mixed it strong," said the other,
with a savage laugh. Did you settle
the signals, Abe?"

"Aye; telegraphed ourselves on
special, and then cut the wires and
smashed the instruments. We're clear
now for Dartford city. What's that?"

He added, hastily, as the engine lurched
for a second and lifted.

"Only the points. We're out now.
We can run easy, I spose. She won't
bust, I hope. Here goes."

The speaker, who knew little about
engine-driving, turned on the steam
and away they went. He turned his
head for a moment. "There's some-
thing moving yonder; they've found
Seth, likely."

But this portion of the gang of des-
peradoes had met their match in Eng-
lish Tom Atkins. For a moment or
two he had been overcome by the
drugged whiskey, but a simple and
very effective remedy cured him at the
cost of a few moments' sickness.

Creeping along the ground, for he
could not walk, he conceived the idea
of following these men; so he held
the points open and sent the "braves"
away into the night on the up line. He
proposed to give the alarm and follow
(on the down metals) with a superior
force. But fate was drawing the fu-
gitives to destruction. The up line
was cut at the bridge.

"Tend a hand, mate, I'm drown-
ed!" This is what Tom heard as he
crawled rather than walked across the
metals to seek assistance.

"Seth—Seth Martin; what's hap-
pened to you?"

"Them varmints tossed me in here
when I was half stupid, but the water
has done me good. Help me out, Tom,
and we'll fix them yet."

Tom, who was rapidly recovering,
lent all the assistance he could; and
then the dripping driver, quickly
wringing the water from his clothes,
said, when his mate had told him what
he had done:

"Don't breathe a syllable to mortal
man. I know Bob Franklin's engine is
in steam now for the cross traffic.
We'll fire her up and run them down.
We may save the specie yet. Hurry
down to the signal box while I get
out the engine."

Tom hastened away as desired, but
soon came back with the intelligence
that the box was empty and the wire
cut.

"We darsen't say a word now," said
Seth. "What fools we were to take
them drinks! Now, Tom, shove in
some wood while I oil the cranks. I'll
leave word for the foreman; we may
trust him."

All these preparations were made
almost as quickly as they are describ-
ed. In ten minutes the engine was
ready, and as noiselessly as possible
the great locomotive was brought out
of the shed, but tender first.

"Never mind," said Seth, when Tom
objected. "We can run about as quick
now, are ye ready?"

The foreman came up at that mo-
ment. If you do succeed," he said,
"your fortunes are made. If you fail
I wouldn't answer for your lives. Take
my revolver," he added, "and be off."

Seth thanked him, adding, gloomily:
"If we fail, we'll never come back
alive. For us to be hocused with
Bourbon is disgrace enough."

A whistle! The foreman opened the
points and the engine sped away on
the down line in full pursuit of the
desperadoes to save the specie train
if possible.

"We've no head-lamp!" exclaimed
Tom, suddenly.

"So much the better; we don't want
to advertise ourselves to-night. There
is a flash of something; guess we'll
have a storm."

The remark was not uncalled for.
The gloom of lightning every now and
then appeared to rest upon the steel
handles and glint along the rails.

There was a moaning sound in the
air, a feeling of oppression, while oc-
casionally a heavy plash of rain would
drop upon the roof of the "cab" in
which the men journeyed.

They absolutely flew along the track.
Over the apparently boundless prairie
the line was laid. Not a station for
miles. A few watering places at in-
tervals alone broke the level character
of the prospect when the fitful light-
ning lit up the surroundings. Pitch
dark overhead except when the flashes
came, and the only light below was the
rapidly moving glare of the furnace
fire on the "road."

"It's past eleven," said the driver.
"We ought to have pulled them up.
We've run this thirty miles in the
half-hour. There's Buffalo Creek," he
added, as they skinned past.

"Well, then, Dartford is only anoth-
er thirty, and the trestle siding on the
top of the cutting is only twenty-five."

"We must pass them at the curve
below. Hallo! look out, mind that
hand-lamp!"

Tom turned the slide, and looked
ahead. Seth shut off the steam.

"There they are! Lucky we are run-
ning tender foremost, or they would
have seen our fire. We'll wait on
them gently till they get on to the
trestle curve. Then we'll wire in and
drop them. Steady, mate!"

The engine came silently to a stand-
still. The gentle hiss of the steam,
which was just raising the valves, was
the only audible sound. Broad flashes
of sheet lightning lit up the heavy
masses of cloud, but no thunder fol-
lowed. Seth took his revolver.

Tom fed the fire, and they waited;
it was their only chance—a surprise.

For quite twenty minutes the men
waited; the engine in front had long
ago disappeared. At last Seth said:
"Now, Tom, is our time? I'll run
them a race down to Dartford city,
and if I get there first there'll be
scalps to sell to-morrow. We'll round
that curve before they see us, and
come in all flying. Are you ready?"

Tom signified his consent, and away
darted the ponderous engine across
the boundless prairie at top speed.
On! on! never mind the rough track;
it's death if you leave it; it's death,
most likely, if you remain. There is
one chance, and one only—if you reach
Dartford city and give the alarm.

"Press on, Seth, it's nigh midnight."
So whispered Tom as the engine
swung round the sharp curve. There,
seemingly motionless, was the other
engine. Faster and faster rattled the
pursuer. They were seen at last. The
men were visible through the glass
for an instant.

"Lie down!" roared Seth.
Only just in time. Two bullets
came crashing overhead; another hit
the handle of the steam-whistle, and
sent out a scream of defiance into the

night. Seth rose slowly, and, pistol
in hand, watched the foe.

"He's going to race us, but he don't
know the trick of firin' 'No. 200,' Tom.
We'll pass him, and then—"

Seth's face, as he spoke, and clutch-
ed his revolver, was sufficient to ex-
plain his meaning without words.

On, on, speeding across the prairie!
Now, Seth was gaining, now the oth-
ers shot ahead. "More wood into the
furnace; pile it in, Tom," cried Seth
—"that's it now."

A bullet from
Seth's steady hand passed through the
glass of the other engine, and shatter-
ed the driving arm of the man who held
the regulator.

"Bully!" exclaimed the delighted
Seth. "Now for another log!" The
fire was blown up, and like an arrow
the engine flew along; but no more
shots were exchanged, for, as they were
running neck and neck for one instant,
Seth perceived a light on the line
ahead, and in one instant shut off the
steam. The other engine fled away in
the darkness, leaving Seth and Tom far
behind.

"What did you cut it off for?" cried
Tom, in amazement.

Look ahead, and you'll know," was
the grim reply.

Tom looked ahead. A weird light
was playing on the track, a halo of un-
earthly appearance. It shimmered and
moved like a will-o-the-wisp. It was a
ghostly white mist—a ghostly warn-
ing.

"What can it be?" said Tom, his
superstitious terrors being now excit-
ed. "What is it?"

"It's a light, that's all," said Seth.
With a fenshish grin. I know it, though;
I've seen it before. There's somebody
underneath the rails in the bridge, and
you bet, they're cutting the track for
the specie train!"

"Gracious heaven! And that en-
gine!"

"That engine will be in the river in
two minutes," said Seth Martin.

"Oh, hurry up and save them if we
can," exclaimed Tom. "Go ahead!"

"Gently, mate; gently; let them get
on a bit." He turned on steam, but
er he passed half the distance in
the direction of the light, a loud crash
was heard, and amid screams of human
agony, the trestle bridge sank down—
down—down, slowly, but surely, to
the stream below. The ponderous en-
gine dipped forward, gave one heavy
roll, righted again, and then turning
completely over, fell with a thundering
noise into the canon below.

The lights were suddenly exting-
uished, and the piercing screams of wound-
ed and scalded men rose, mingled with
hissing steam and the dull roar of
thunder. The storm had burst.

"Caught in their own trap," exclaim-
ed Seth. "Serves them right! Poor
critters, I'm kinder sorry, too."

"Let us help them," cried Tom.
"Help! yes; let us run to Dartford
and stop the traffic; the specie is due
in ten minutes."

"Cross that bridge?" exclaimed the
fireman.

"Yes, sir; cross that bridge. I'm
a-goin' to try it," replied Seth. "Will
you chance it?"

"Yes," was the brave answer; "it's
kill or cure!"

"Here goes, then; shake hands.
God bless ye, mate; if we don't meet
again tell them that I died at my post
like a man."

The driver and fireman, clasped
hands in silence, and Seth, turning on
the full pressure of steam, the engine
gathered itself up for the final race.

Not a sound escaped either of the
men. Side by side they stood. As
they approached they could see a red
glare. The bridge had caught fire.
As they shot past, a form or two hur-
ried quickly out of sight—some of the
desperate band now cowed and crush-
ed. In a moment more the bridge
was in full view. The crackling tim-
bers of the trestle were all burning
around the mighty monster engine,
which still emitted smoke and flame.

As a flash of lightning will in one brief
second reveal all surrounding objects
distinctly, so the glare of the engine
furnace lit up the scene below. The
engine dashed along—a roar, a crack-
ing noise, the flame leaped up beneath
the wheels, and the danger was over. The down
line had not been undermined.

As they slackened speed, a long,
deep whistle was heard, and a dim
speck was seen like a pin's head on
the line in front.

"There's the specie, Tom. We've
done our duty. Run down easy and
see if we can't help the unfortunate
loaders under the bridge. It was a
narrow squeak!"

It was, indeed. The specie train
was saved though, and the filibusters
taken in the act. Three were drowned
and two more so terribly injured that
they died soon after from the effects.
Seth and Tom were rewarded, and the
former was subsequently made inspect-
or; but he and Tom often talk of the
summer night when they were so near-
ly killed while running pilot.

The new managers of the Erie
Railroad have discharged a large num-
ber of old conductors.

Correspondence.

(Although our columns are open for the publicity
of the opinions of all, we do not identify our-
selves with, or hold ourselves responsible for
those expressed by any of our correspondents.)

BOSTON NOTES.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—On the evening
of the 16th ult. a very large audience
assembled at the hall of the Boston
Deaf-Mute Society to hear a delight-
ful lecture, which Prof. Job Turner
delivered on his travels and works in
the South.

On the 19th ult. the fall sports of
the Young Men's Christian Associa-
tion Athletic Club took place on its
grounds in South Boston. I will give
two or three contests out of many
in which the deaf-mutes contested.
Mr. E. Friebach contested and was beat-
en in a one-mile running race. He at-
tributed his defeat to lack of practice.

Mr. A. W. Gerry was one of four com-
petitors in a one-mile walking (aman-
ten) race. He at once went to the
front and kept ahead till W. H. Holt
went ahead of him and won the race
in 7 minutes and 35 seconds, and Ger-
ry came in 64 seconds later. Then a
question arose as to whether it was a
fair walk or not, because Holt was
coached on his track by his friends.

It was decided not to award the race
to Holt. Messrs. Gerry and Holt were
ordered to walk another race, which
took place on Boston Common, on the
2d inst. They contested in a three-
mile walking race, instead of one, as
had been intended. It is with regret
that I say that our Boston mute, Ger-
ry, got exhausted and dropped out in
the last mile, and let Holt win the race
in 29 minutes. Holt is 5 feet 11 inch
in height, and weighs but 97 pounds,
while Gerry is 5 feet 64 inches in
height, and weighs 132 pounds. As
Gerry is the better walker of the two,
and his style of walking is like O'Leary,
the celebrated Chicago pedestrian, he
will make a better walker before long,
and will be able to beat Holt, who now
claims to be the champion amateur
pedestrian in Boston and its vicinity.

Mr. E. C. Stone, principal of the
Hartford school, was expected to hold
a service before the society on the
27th ult, but did not come, much

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

MEXICO, N. Y., THURSDAY, NOV. 14, 1878.

HENRY C. RIDER, Editor and Proprietor.

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DEATH OF JOHN W. COMPTON.

We are greatly pained to announce the death, by heart disease, of Mr. John W. Compton, a long and well-known deaf-mute resident of Washington, D. C., which occurred at his residence in that city at 5:15 p. m., October 4th, 1878. Mr. Compton was in the fifty-seventh year of his age, and was a clerk in the Sixth Auditor's office of the United States Treasury Department, after having proved himself a very faithful and efficient in the Government service for thirty-five years. He was a native of Georgetown, D. C., and graduated at the American Asylum, at Hartford, Conn., in 1824. His remains were embalmed by W. R. Speare, undertaker, and were enclosed in a Stein state casket of black walnut, covered with black cloth, sky-lighted with plate-glass, and adorned with heavy silver handles.

It is said to be the first casket of the kind used in Washington since the funeral of the late Charles Sumner, of Massachusetts. The funeral obsequies took place at the house at 2 p. m., on the following Thursday, the services, which were very impressive, being read by the Rev. A. Florida Steele, rector of St. Mark's Episcopal Church, and kindly interpreted in the sign-language by Dr. E. M. Gallaudet, President of the National Deaf-Mute College. The beautiful floral offerings were from the relatives and friends of the deceased and from the clerks in the Collecting Division of the Sixth Auditor's office. The remains were borne to the receiving vault in the Congressional Cemetery by the following pallbearers: Messrs. J. E. Ellegood, of the Government printing office, K. M. Murphy, of the Sixth Auditor's office, C. K. W. Strong, of the Register's office, Melville Ballard, of the Columbian Institution, and R. E. Fowler and James Smith, of Washington. Mr. Compton left a deaf-mute widow, two sons, and one daughter to mourn his sudden loss, to all of whom we tender our deep sympathy in the hour of their bereavement.

INTERESTING FACTS.

New York is a great State—in a material sense and in respect of wealth and population, and moral forces, too, an empire in itself. A contemporary has compiled these interesting facts from the last census of this State, which are curious as well as instructive, and should have a place in every well constructed scrap book: "It will be a surprising bit of news to many that there are at this moment no less than 12,659 families in this State who live in log cabins. Of the more modern dwelling houses, 598,031 are of wood, 88,298 of brick and 19,718 of stone. Apparently the pet extravagance of interior New York is not costly architecture; over one-half of all these buildings are reported as worth less than \$2,000 each; over one-third less than \$1,000; and 7,134 are worth less than \$500 apiece. Of the 67,126 dwellings in New York county, 56,010 are valued at \$5,000 and upward. Indeed the dwellings of the metropolis represent about as much outlay as all the other dwellings in the State put together. Here are some additional facts in the statistical line that are not without an interest for serious-minded people. Of 1,537,727 productively industrious New Yorkers, 351,626 are farmers or farm hands. One-half of the working women of the State are house servants, and there are no fewer than 187,416 of them. Over 150,000 men earn their bread as day laborers; the machinists number 14,666; the coopers, 8,971; the iron foundry operatives, 8,920; the blacksmiths, 18,803; the cabinetmakers, 7,963; the tanners, 4,268; the mill and factory operatives, 16,613; the printers, 12,328; the cigar-makers, 12,345; the painters and glaziers, 22,645; the carpenters and joiners, 52,192; the boot and shoemakers, 23,144. There are 50,903 clerks, 40,407 tailors and seamstresses, and 33,476 milliners and dress-makers. Passing to another classification, we learn that 1,776,018 New Yorkers are married, 2,672,813 unmarried, 1,349 divorced, while of widows and widowers we have among us 248,778. In the last census year only one family in 45 had the pleasant excitement of a wedding."

MR. AND MRS. GEORGE PRUYNE'S SILVER WEDDING.

For some days and evenings a large amount of low consultation had been carried on between quite a number of the ladies and gentlemen of this village, and, as some may have thought the appearances were a little suspicious, it is but justice to them to explain that no wrong was intended, notwithstanding "mischief" appeared to be in the air.

Last Friday evening, November 8th, the mystery was fully solved. That day was the twenty-fifth anniversary of the wedding of Mr. and Mrs. George W. Pruyne, and, whether their memories had reverted to the scenes of twenty-five years previous to that date or had not, it makes no difference—some of their old friends had not forgotten the event, and had laid elaborate plans for celebrating it with a grand surprise.

The innocent victims, as usual on Friday evenings, were attending services and devotionally engaged at Grace Church, and entirely ignorant of what was brewing in their midst. But there were people whose business cares excluded them from church worship on that particular evening, and their time was as busily employed as that of those within the walls of the sanctuary. An invading army swarmed in, took possession of Mr. Pruyne's residence, the room was throughout brilliantly illuminated, and well-filled baskets were carried in abundance. In about one hour the house was filled with friends and the refreshments that they carried with them. Blinds were closely shut to screen the deeds of those within from outside view, especially that of Mr. and Mrs. Pruyne, on their returning from church. In a small flowered-wreathed basket, placed on a table in the parlor, were various denominations of silver coin amounting to \$20, and beside this a silver breakfast-caster, presents from their friends to the man and wife of the house.

At the conclusion of the church services Mrs. Pruyne stopped on her way home at her husband's harness shop. She remained there for a few minutes, then went to the house, on entering which she was instantly besieged and congratulated by the intruders who had unceremoniously taken possession. The surprise was a complete one to her. "For heaven's sake," said she, "what ails you?" She was moved to tears, but, upon recovering from the sudden vision, felt exceedingly happy at the thought that she still has no many true friends. Mr. Pruyne, who cares for the fires and lights at the church, stayed at the church till all others had left, when he went to his shop. The company, becoming impatient at his non-arrival, sent Willie Pruyne—his son—and Eddie Rider to the shop and informed him that a stove pipe was down and that his assistance was needed at the house without delay. History does not record the fact that any profanity was used on that vexed occasion, and we presume there was not, but to meet the expected emergency in the case, he forthwith went to a hardware store and purchased some wire with which to securely fasten the wrath-provoking pipe, and then accompanied the boys to his home. Upon entering the house, like his better half, he was dumbfounded with wonder and surprise. His hold on that wire slackened and it fell to the floor, and the appalled man was hustled into the parlor, where the visitors congratulated him and gave him a hearty hand-shaking in honor of the anniversary which had called so many of his friends there that evening. The surprise to Mr. and Mrs. Pruyne was complete in every respect. They received many congratulations, and kind wishes that their lives might be spared for many more wedding anniversaries, and that their future lives might be blessed with sunshine.

The company present partook of refreshments, and then a few hours were passed very happily and pleasantly. At a late hour of the night the self-invited guests left for their homes, with the satisfaction that they had enjoyed a very fine gathering, and that they had contributed somewhat to the happiness of deserving neighbors and friends.

We are pleased to see that Mr. and Mrs. Pruyne have so many warm friends, who take such an abiding interest in their welfare.

Previous to the surprise, Mr. and Mrs. Pruyne noticed that their children seemed to be more than usually busily engaged about the house. To quiet their suspicions the latter concluded to present the castor in advance of the surprise, which was performed by Willie, accompanied with a neat and appropriate little speech, which was befitting the occasion. The castor was contributed by Misses Lydia Pruyne, a sister of Mr. George Pruyne, Amy and Frank Pruyne, daughters of the silver wedding couple, and Kittie Jones, of Pulaski, a niece of Mrs. Pruyne. The castor is a fine one, and the recipients were very much pleased with it and also with their cash present. It is needless to say that the evening's entertainment was a very enjoyable one for them. They are very estimable and highly respected citizens, and that they may live to enjoy a golden wedding is the earnest wish of their many warm friends.

FARM WANTED.

Any one wishing to sell a good farm of from 35 to 40 acres, with comfortable buildings, at a reasonable price, for cash down, will do well to call at this office.

No person of either sex should leave home at this season without a bottle of Favorite Remedy.

Fortune is the rod of the weak and the staff of the brave.

The Hemizer.

The idea is to gather into this column items that relate to deaf-mutes personally, or to associations of deaf-mutes, or to institutions for the benefit of deaf-mutes. We hope our friends and readers will keep us supplied with items for this column; mark items so sent: The Hemizer.

The Index office has six compositors.

The Index mourns the loss of one of a brace of "purses."

One hundred and thirty pupils at the Central New York Institution.

The Alabama Institution has 24 pupils—12 each of boys and girls.

The Index reports that there is a population of 4,000 at Colorado Springs.

Two tramps were recently furnished with supper at the Nebraska Institution.

B. W. Steele, editor of the Gazette, is congratulated on his recovery from his recent sickness.

A play called "Witches' Ride" was lately performed by some of the Colorado Institution boys.

Miss Anne B. Covel, we hear, has been appointed a teacher at the West Virginia Institution.

W. S. Burgess, pupil of the West Virginia Institution, made a running jump of 16 feet and 2 inches.

Dr. P. G. Gillett, superintendent of the Illinois Institution, and Mrs. Gillett lately visited Indiana.

Several of the Illinois Institution pupils are on the sick list, but are not dangerously ill, and are provided with good care.

Superintendent Kennedy, of the Colorado Institution, recently took a business trip to the northern part of the State.

Mrs. M. E. Totton, first matron of the Illinois Institution, called at that institution a few days ago to see some of her old friends.

Rev. Dr. Gallaudet has written to Montreal that Prof. John Turner will hold a service for deaf-mutes on the 24th inst.

FARMER-LAWYER Darlow's team driven by "Dumpty" West, ran away last Sunday. The wagon was destroyed.—Kansas Paper.

There is a boy, a pupil at the Illinois Institution, whose deaf dumbness is said to have been caused by fright when he was three years of age.

Ma. Haldon, of the Colorado Institution, lectures on Sunday afternoons to the pupils. The Index says his lectures are frequently attended by speaking persons.

At the late meeting of the board of regents of the West Virginia Institution the members expressed their satisfaction with the condition and management of the institution's officers.

Principal DeMotte, of the Wisconsin Institution, recently gave the pupils of that institution a social entertainment in his parlors. The matron furnished them with abundance of delicious refreshments.

The Colorado Institution is probably the only one located in a village, or city, which has no saloons. It by "voluntarily" the Index means whiskey houses we hope the institution will continue to be thus highly favored.

The Advance lately published, from the pen of Jacob E. Tuttle, the following paragraph: "I will sometimes present you a nicest thing to you when you will see it best than any old things. Angel of mercy, descend and explain the 'hand-writing'."

Edwin W. Frisbie writes to us that lack of training and a sprained foot were the cause of his coming in fourth at the one mile running-race at the athletic tournament in Boston, October 19th.

His weight is 112 pounds, height 5 feet 4 1/2 inches, and that he is muscular and wiry, has a broad chest, and that his best time is 1 mile in 5 minutes and 26 seconds.

Mr. Ronben S. Weaver, a graduate of our deaf-mute department two years ago, is employed as "spoke-polisher" in the wagon factory of Messrs. Gibbs & Tickford. Mr. Weaver has decided taste and skill in wood-work, and we have seen some beautiful specimens of his handiwork. Moreover, he is diligent and faithful in whatever he undertakes, and we are sure will successfully serve his employers.—Gazette.

At the meeting of the Board of Regents for the Deaf, Dumb, and Blind at Romney last week, Mr. O. W. Schaeffer, of Grafton, was selected to fill the position of teacher of music at that institution. Mr. Schaeffer was chosen to fill this important position out of a list of some fifteen competitors, the most of whom were from other States. He is a young man of fine musical talent and attainments, and we are glad to know that home talent has triumphed in this particular.—Grafton Sentinel.

Trux Fairfield, Me., Chronicle states that the inhabitants of Frye's Island have for some time missed articles of food and found their cows partly milked, and were at a loss to account for the cause. Recently, on going to the spring for water, a woman in a partly nude state, was seen, and, on being approached, she fled into the woods. A party was organized and started in search of her, and after a long hunt they succeeded in finding her, but she would neither give her name nor answer their questions. Later reports say that the missing woman at Frye's Island proves to be a deaf-mute. She was discovered in a kind of grotto she had formed of loose rock and stones. Here she made her bed on boughs and leaves, and probably got her food as has been before described.

A deaf and dumb man was arrested last night for striking a boy. When he was arraigned before Justice Otto at Police Headquarters this morning, he wrote on a card, "I am deaf and dumb; and can explain by writing." The justice then handed him the affidavit charging him with the offense above stated. When he wrote on a piece of paper, "I did chase the boy and strike him as stated, but I was provoked and dared to do it by said boy himself." He then went on to narrate in a well written story how he had been frequently annoyed and insulted by this boy and others on account of his unfortunate condition, and that this boy had been particularly annoying in this respect. Justice Otto, thinking the unfortunate prisoner was far more shamed against than sinning, after writing out a caution to him never to do this thing again, but to have the boy arrested, discharged him.—Newark Advertiser.

It is amusing to watch the movements and note the expressions of astonishment of some of those patients who are suddenly restored to acute hearing. This is most remarkable when the deafness has existed for years. The patients look around for an explanation of the unusual sounds they hear, and then the very movement of looking round makes them become quite bewildered. They can be brought to believe that the sounds they hear are natural. The noises in the streets are at first terrible. A diverting case occurred, says a London paper, in a short and remarkably corpulent old gentleman, residing somewhere at Fimble. He related that on leaving the house in which he had been restored he heard a noise that he thought would be upon him so frightened him that he started off in a run and never stopped until he got into Green Park.—Chicago Ledger.

A coal house is being built at the Nebraska Institution.

Fourty-seven pupils and more to arrive, at last accounts, at the Nebraska Institution.

Four hundred and twenty-seven pupils are enjoying the benefits of the Nebraska Institution.

A death in the family lately called to her home Miss Libbie Smith, of the Nebraska Institution.

BASE-BALL (how we hate the name) continues to be the game of games at the Kansas Institution.

Professor Walker, of the Illinois Institution, has purchased a house and lot near that institution.

The youngest pupil at the Nebraska Institution is a little seven-year-old boy, one of the late arrivals.

Four female pupils of the Illinois Institution have applied for the privilege of learning type-setting.

Miss Sarah F. Davis is the latest arrival recorded at the Kansas Institution. Sickness prevented her going earlier.

Lord Justice Christian, of the court of appeals in Ireland, has resigned on account of increasing dullness in hearing.

Ex-SUPERINTENDENT Kenney, of the Nebraska Institution, resides in Iowa City, but he is still in Nebraska settling up his business.

SINCE September 12th there have been calls from 854 visitors at the Michigan Institution. In the month of October there were 668 visitors.

The board of trustees of the Kansas Institution, at its last meeting, adopted a rule preventing pupils from visiting their homes to spend the holidays.

ARTICULATION has been introduced into the Nebraska Institution, and a large number of the pupils are trying hard and very anxious to learn the language.

THE editor of the Chronicle has received a group photograph of the twelve Ohio boys now connected with the National Deaf-Mute College at Washington, D. C.

N. H. Griggs, Consul to Chemnitz, Germany, was lately at his home on business, at Beatrice, Neb., where his family resides. While home he visited the Nebraska Institution, in which he takes much interest.

SAYS H. C. Niemann, of Mount Jackson, Pa., under date of November 6th: "I am sure I like your paper. I shall visit many of my friends in Pittsburgh, December 14th, 15th, and 16th, and shall attend the service to be held there by Rev. A. W. Mann on the 15th."

Miss Emma Whitford, a graduate of the Clarke Institution, Northampton, Mass., had a vacation of two months, which she passed very pleasantly in Boston, and its vicinity. She left Boston for home in Bangor, Me., on Monday, October 28th, by steamer, with deep regret.

Is a pupil does not put his language to a practical test when coming into a printing-office, we should be glad to have some one tell where the practical part of its use comes in. Whatever else a pupil may have been taught in his school-room, and whatever notions he may have acquired, be they ever so graceful and "austrious," unless he has acquired language itself, of what does it avail him? You might as well endeavor to put a lunatic in a school room as an ignorant pupil into the printing-office.—Merrill.

We take pleasure in chronicling another item. A certain member of Miss Annie Morse has made and presented a new little wagon to Mr. Foley, the janitor. Before he showed any mechanical talent, he was looked upon as an unpromising boy. He is now under the charge of Mr. Braun, the foreman of the cabinet and wood-turning shop, and also under the instruction of Mrs. Griffith, of the Art Department, and will we predict, be a good tax-payer in a few years. Moral: do not despise "raggs in intellect."—Advance.

WHILE on a flying visit to the Iowa Institution last week we were conducted to a well they were digging, which is about twenty feet in diameter and about thirty feet deep. It was expected to supply the institution with water from this well, but what was the joy of all lovers of riches and of the future greatness of the institution to discover a vein of oil. Yes real oil, no humbug about it, we saw it. This well so far has only cost the institution about \$200, and they can have a continual supply of oil as long as the gas-house remains where it is.—Mute Journal of Nebraska.

It will be remembered that W. H. Holt and A. W. Gerry contested in the one mile walk in the fall sports of the N. Y. M. C. A. Athletic Club at South Boston, Saturday, October 19. Holt claimed to have won in 7 minutes 35 seconds, but it was declared no match, the judges and referee failing to agree. Hocking, the referee, in order to decide who was the better walker, offered a pair of the best walking-shoes, as a prize, to be walked for November 2d on Boston Common, and concluded to make the contest one of three miles instead of one mile. Holt won in 29 minutes, Gerry dropping out on the last mile. Holt is five feet and 1 inch in height, and weighs only 97 pounds. Gerry is 5 feet and 6 1/2 inches in height, and weighs 135 pounds. Holt claims to be the champion amateur walker of Boston for from three to ten miles. Gerry is the champion amateur walker of New England for one mile.—The Sunday Boston Herald.

FROM an Advance editorial of November 9th we copy the following paragraph from "What they say about us." "Brother Rider, we thank you very much for your courteous words. We know how we feel with you. You know that personal troubles are private property, but kind acts become public property. Let us, Brother Rider, hide our troubles from our subscribers as General Taylor did his wound—a secret—while his army was engaged in a close battle. To do good to our fellow-men is the noblest of all arts. Yes, the pupils do the work on the Advance during the school term and the superintendent of the office, being an accomplished journeyman, does it himself during vacation; you can easily see the difference between these jobs, as has been kindly suggested by the JOURNAL." (We agree with your sentiment as contained in the above, Brother Rider. In our article we refer to, in explaining our arduous duties, as compared with yours, we intended no reflection of a personal nature, and did not design to create any personal feeling.—Ed.)

MA. J. E. Townsend, of Greenville, O., says, in the Chronicle, that "the friends of Miss Rebecca Coppers, a graduate of the Ohio Institution, knowing her to have been an industrious and dutiful child to her parents, were preparing to give her a surprise on her birthday, on the 15th of this month, as a token of their esteem. Miss C., knowing her birthday, was apprehensive of their design, and concluded to give them a surprise instead of being surprised herself, and decamped on foot, without notifying her parents or any others, to a relative's, three miles distant, to remain over night. The friends, on assembling, found that the bird had flown away, and made a general search for her, but in vain. They remained at the house during the evening, indulging in amusement and eating to their fill. How they felt about her mysterious disappearance is hard to divine. How Miss C. must have felt away from home! On her return home in the morning, she was sorely surprised to find presents awaiting her. Who got fooled the worst I leave for the reader to conjecture."

The report of the principal of the Virginia Institution is ready for the printer.

Mr. and Mrs. Rusk, of Louisville, Ky., wish us to contradict the statement in the JOURNAL, of October 31st that they are divorced. They are only living apart.

THE Michigan Institution pupils are often reminded of the lamented Horace Greeley's advice, "Go West." The Mirror says that within the space of three weeks, that little, 1,113 wagons, filled with emigrants, "westward bound," passed that institution.

THE following two items were sent by a correspondent: "Mrs. Hiram Dopp (formerly Miss Ella Erwin), a graduate of the Ohio Institution, died of consumption, at Root, Montgomery county, N. Y., September 14th, 1878. Her age was 26 years. It is very sad for Mr. Dopp to lose his dear wife, and he has the sympathy of his many friends."

"Mrs. Maria Fullerton left western New York and went to Port Plain, N. Y., which was formerly her residence. After a long absence her sisters, brothers, and friends were much surprised, but very glad to see her. She spent two weeks with Mr. Simon T. Garlock, and visiting them, and it gave her great pleasure. On Saturday she returned to Wolcott, N. Y. She seemed very happy and cheerful."

A Table.

For those who use the Book of Common Prayer.

NOV. 17th, 1878.

MORNING SERVICE.

The Psalter for the 17th day of the month, or Selection.

1st Lesson—Dan. vi.

2d Lesson—John viii.

English Lectionary.

1st Lesson—Daniel vi.

2d Lesson—Heb. x. v. 19.

Collect, Epistle and Gospel for the twenty-second Sunday after Trinity.

EVENING SERVICE.

The Psalter for the 17th day of the month, or Selection.

1st Lesson—Daniel vi.

2d Lesson—1st John vi.

English Lectionary.

1st Lesson—Daniel vi. v. 9 or xii.

2d Lesson—John v. v. 24.

Collect, Epistle and Gospel for the twenty-second Sunday after Trinity.

DON'T READ THIS.

Clash for these profits.

Quick sales and small profits.

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Local Paragraphs.

W. H. Ballou has returned to Evanston, Ill.

Mr. Simon Tuller is quite sick, and has been very feeble for some time.

N. P. Webb is visiting friends at Camillus and other places in that vicinity.

Mrs. W. F. Hemenway went to Syracuse last week, where she intends to remain till next spring.

Dr. C. F. Wright, of Sand Bank, was recently in town. We hear that he is building up a good practice.

Elbridge Jones slaughtered a hog last Saturday, about fourteen months old, that weighed when dressed 645 pounds—some hog.

William Simons, Harmon Barker, and Lewis Rider went out on a duck hunt last Friday. They brought in quite a number of ducks.

Contrary to the general expectation, and the usual freaks of the elements, the weather immediately succeeding election has been squally and unpleasant.

Mr. and Mrs. Williams and Frank, Mrs. Homer M. Ames, and Mr. and Mrs. N. Hart were in Watertown last week

Correspondence.

[Although our columns are open for the publicity of the opinions of all, we do not identify ourselves with, or hold ourselves responsible for those expressed by any of our correspondents.]

DEAF-MUTE TEACHERS.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—I received a letter from an old deaf-mute gentleman, saying, "I was glad to see your letter (meaning my letter to Dr. E. M. Gallaudet, published in the last July's JOURNAL). You are right, and should communicate from time to time in that paper with the mute world, and you might also in the *Annals*."

Intelligent mutes are becoming numerous enough now to have something to say, and to exert an influence on the public mind in regard to our mute institutions.

Many college graduates (hearing ones) in other professions could be only little country parsons, tenth rate pettifoggers, or village quack doctors, and their salaries or fees only some \$300 or \$500 a year. They know it well, and hence they seek for and stick tenaciously to the positions of (pretended) teachers of mutes. They are worse than useless, because they are in the way of mute men and women who could and would do better, and be more useful.

In the above letter is an item or two of news to me. One is that vocal teachers, male and female, crowd out the mute teachers, because in other occupations they could not be such wise and important persons as they gull the public into believing that they are, behind a mysterious language, under which they are able to hide their want of manhood, talent, and their selfishness, and, through it (language) they secure better salaries than they could otherwise. If so, is it not wrong to allow such to monopolize this calling for the mere sake of a show and higher salaries, and thus leave the mute, who has love, talent, etc., for teaching, out in the cold? With such soulless (?) teachers, is it any wonder that the mute graduates are generally so low and even worthless in moral character and mental culture?

Is it a fact that a large portion of the vocal teachers of mutes of to-day would be very small nobodies outside of the institutions, and their income not near so much, simply because of their little talent, tact, and moral character, and that, too, even if they are college and seminary graduates?

Of course, those with talent, character, and a love for mutes and mute teaching, and who can command respect and make a living in almost any other calling, are excepted from the serious charges of the writer of the letter above quoted.

Will not other able mutes rise and help defend their claims, through the JOURNAL, and otherwise do their duty squarely, openly and manfully in the defence of their claims to the positions of teachers, under officers, foremen, bosses in the mute institutions, and also as trustees of the same? Not a single oral man or woman of good sense, connected with any institution will oppose the arguments, but rather side with them for their just claims.

Be not afraid to oppose wrong, and to stand by the right. We think there is no superintendent who would be so narrow-minded, short-sighted, or so mean as to oppose the claim for intelligent, moral mutes to teach those who, like themselves, are deaf and dumb.

Another mute has written to me saying: "I was much pleased with your article in the JOURNAL. Yes, to send the deaf-mute teachers off in strange contrast with the purpose of the establishment of the deaf-mute institutions, and the avowed charity of a State. One part of the teachers of an institution can safely be deaf-mutes, even if they are not so successful as their speaking and hearing co-laborers."

The very fact that the institutions are charitable establishments warrants it. To parade the unsuitableness of deaf-mutes as teachers, is to reflect no credit on the institutions themselves which educated them.

I close by begging pardon of the writers of the letters above quoted for this public use, but they are valuable in this direction. I should be more remiss in my duty to our people by not thus using them. It is no breach of friendship or confidence in using them for the public good, because no names nor dates are given; nor would I be much afraid to give their names without permission, as they are men of sterling moral character, and not ashamed of facts, figures, and a good cause; and they write with their hearts upon their people and their eyes upon justice.

At the late teachers' convention in Ohio I was approached and congratulated, by quite a number, on the views I expressed in my letter to Dr. E. M. Gallaudet in behalf of deaf-mute teachers. I found at the Ohio Institution a large percentage of mutes employed in the school-rooms, shops, garden, kitchen, and house, to my surprise. I also learned more or less of the same kind of percentage in other institutions, and from what I could learn and see by the "signs of the times" a reaction of a large percentage of mute teachers and mute employees will ere long set in, if it has not already. Intelligence, faithfulness, and good character will win the day.

P. A. E.
Chicago, Nov. 5, 1878.

—Dr. Spear and Mabel Whitman, of Charlestown, Mass., lately on trial, were acquitted on the accusation of poisoning the mother of the latter. There was much rejoicing over the verdict.

—Ex-Chief Clerk O'Reilly, of the pay office of the Charlestown navy yard, is said to be several hundred dollars short in his account with the Government, and there are other serious charges against him.

A WORD FOR NEW YORK.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—Perhaps I appear somewhat tardy in taking the floor to reply to Mr. G. H. Dougherty, but when you have considered the circumstances of the case, I dare hope you will not judge me harshly.

I have followed my esteemed contemporary through all his zig-zag lanes and by ways, from the "upturned Irish nose, through which Carter's writing fluid is flowing," to the "City of the Dead," and to the end. I am sorry that I cannot boast of such an extended knowledge of Greek and Latin as my learned friend, which enables him to sling such long, moulty jaw-breaking sentences at me; but I have had some little experience with the mysteries of deaf-mutism, which, wonderful to tell, was of great use to me in getting at the gist of his remarks. We are very much obliged to him for letting us know what an important person he is, who honors us with his notice, one who never writes with anything but a gold pen. And how generous of such an eminent scholar as he to be willing to leave the "Athenian Glaucus," the "Gloomy Egyptian Arabesque," and the fight over the Neapolitan bone to journey all the way from the "City of the Dead" and take up cudgels with such as we.

To read his argument was like drinking of the Ambrosia of the gods, it was such a delightful jumble; but, even as the divine nectar wended its way down our Oesophagus, a vision arose before our mind. At first all was chaos, but as it cleared off we made out a bull cutting capers in a china shop; but no; another glance showed us "Paddy" meddling with classics.

I would recommend him to glance over that article of mine again, and take notice that I do not deny anything about the standing of the New York and Ohio boys, at Kendall Green, about which he appears so moon-struck. I merely gave some reasons why we do not make a better showing there. This is not the first time I have had to explain about our unlucky prize-man of '76. A couple of terms before the High Class had lost one of the best teachers it ever had, and nearly all the best scholars left the next term. The consequence was that '76 was what you might call an "off-year" for the institution, as the standard of the graduating class was much lower than that of the previous year. As a general rule the best graduate is not the best scholar in the class. It is very often just the contrary. The prize-man is only the best of the graduates; though even this was an open question in respect to the one of whom we are speaking. It is but doing him justice, moreover, to say that the course of study he had pursued was entirely different from the curriculum of Kendall Green. His going there was purely an after-thought.

My friend on the other side may be excused for being misled by a printer's error. He takes issue with me on the point that I said we never sent any from our State who had not been prepared. I was indebted to some "intelligent" compositor of the JOURNAL for that superfluous italicized word, *not*. It was not in the manuscript, as the editor can tell you. I meant to say, and I say so again, that we never sent a single one of our best graduates to college at Washington who was prepared or not. All who went followed their own counsel. I need not say further here as Mr. Dougherty himself says that he knows there are a dozen Knickerbocker boys at Fawcett who could pursue a more successful college course at Kendall Green than the Ohio boys. But I must own that I am in the dark as to how the aforesaid Knickerbocker boys are now the pride of the Ohio boys, as my friend says; I don't see it!

Mr. D. insinuates that our boys are taught that it is sweet and honorable to lie for their *alma mater*. It is our custom to answer such language with something stronger than words, as the "upturned Irish nose" would find if it were smelling around our way. But a glance at the record of our graduates shows the absurdity of such a charge. We submit though that if such a thing as helping one's old school with an extra word is wrong, how much more black is it to lie for other than one's own *alma mater*, as Mr. Dougherty does. For example, he says that old Hartford sends no more brilliant scholars to Kendall Green, when every body there knows that one of the best students in the Junior class is from there, and that there is no doubt that if he would do his best he would come out ahead of any student there, not excepting the Ohio boys.

I am afraid that my young freshman got on rather a frail perch when he mounted the one I offered him. He overlooked the pin that will investigate his posterior when he settles down. Why did not he see the irony of the compliment, for where is the common sense of a freshman really proverbial but in his own estimation? Thus taking me at my word, and then saying that I lacked so much common sense for not being a freshman, he unconsciously pays me a great compliment. He may rate his stock of common sense at the modest figure of 10 and that of your most humble servant at 1. Now the irony of the compliment signifies negation, (—0) and the ratio will be—10:1. By an unerring mathematical principle, of which such a prodigy of learning as he cannot be ignorant, viz: "Of two negative quantities, that one is the greater which has the fewest units." Or, to express it in our common lingo, if I have less than one grain of sense he has ten times less than a grain.

I cannot claim superiority for the boys of New York over those of Ohio any more than we can claim superiority for Americans over Germans. Gen-

ius is cosmopolitan, but the different tastes, and methods of cultivating it, bring about different developments. So the Germans are more thorough than we in scholarship, while we are, perhaps, quicker and more showy. In the same way the policy pursued by the Ohio Institution of encouraging and fitting its pupils for Kendall Green results in a great rush from there, and among so many there must be some to do her credit. The aim of New York has been to educate her pupils, as well as she can, to be useful members of society. The advantages of her High Class are almost as great as those of a college; consequently most of the boys are satisfied with the education they get there. It is true that she is suffering something of a relapse, from some well-known causes; but it can not last, and we may hope to see her as useful and successful as ever before long.

Kendall Green is a noble institution and deserves the credit it has won. Any young deaf-mute of ability, whose chances of success in his particular aims could be increased by a higher education than he can get at ordinary institutions, should go there. But all such worthy young men will be repelled rather than attracted by this "*Erin go Bragh*" style of our contemporary of flaunting the success of the students of one section in the face of another. It will create a spirit of bitter jealousy quite different from that of the healthy rivalry to be desired. A few of the bright young fellows at Fawcett, if they would only go, would do great credit both to Kendall Green and their own institution.

I remain as ever,
MILG.
Rome, N. Y., Nov. 11, 1878.

DO NOT NEGLECT PHYSICAL TRAINING.

CHICAGO, Ill., Oct. 25, 1878.

MR. J. E. GALLAUDET:—Dear Sir:—I write to congratulate you for the excellent ideas you seem to have in regard to deaf-mutes, as to their education and trades, as expressed in your article in the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL of October 17th, 1878, under the head of "Wits and Trades," in which you have done yourself great credit and the deaf-mute people a service.

If every one could have such practical ideas of education and trades it would be a nice thing, and we would have fewer shallow-brained writers, and loafers, better workmen, and far better men and women. I say men and women instead of gentlemen and ladies, because the latter terms are too often misused by being applied to those least worthy to be called such, while the former terms mean people of good sense and good judgment. That is what I mean.

Had I time I should like to go into details on education, and trades, subjects that I have given much attention to, you had study for years and years, especially as to that which is best to qualify deaf-mutes for the difficulties, hardships, &c., of the stern realities of life.

A good English education is of great use to them, but a good trade and good habits are paramount to all else and of first importance; and to these a good education should be added, for it is far better to have a good trade or business and good moral habits without an education than a good education without a trade or business, and unquestionable moral habits. Hence a trade never should be sacrificed to an education; and I am glad that it need not be if parents are wise.

A man's life (living) is the first and dearest thing to him, or should be; his pleasures or enjoyments of life second. "An educated laboring man is nature's greatest nobleman," is a true saying. Schools and colleges are for educating the laboring man, and not the lazy man. A college bred laboring man is of all men the wisest and best! For he who has a good head for learning has also a good head for business. True a few are better qualified in heart and head for other callings, but, as nine-tenths of the people labor with their hands, the schools and colleges should be for the special benefit of the nine-tenths and not for the one-tenth.

Teachers, like preachers, should be the best of men in heart, and well qualified in head, especially teachers of deaf-mutes, be they hearing people or deaf-mutes themselves.

Some who go to, or graduate from, college, think and aim to become teachers simply because they are graduates, and do not wish to earn a living by working with their hands. Not more than one-fourth of them, if that many, are fit for teaching.

Though I am a self-educated man, as you seem to be aware, I believe in educating children well, especially the deaf, dumb, blind, and feeble-minded, even giving them a collegiate education; yet if we do not look out the three-fourths of the bad and indifferent graduates of our colleges will overlook the teachers' vocation with bad and indifferent teachers and then goodbye to good morals, if not to the good educational training of our children. Though this looks so, and some say it is so, in some of the institutions for mutes, yet I hope and pray it will not grow any worse, but better, and that none of the bad-hearted graduates of our mute college and institutions will be recommended for or employed as teachers.

Permit me to close this by saying that I have spent much time and money in traveling among those mutes who have left the institutions, especially those who are married, and I know from personal experience, yes, sad experience, and close observation, of the baneful effects of stuffing of the head, and idling of the hands; i. e., of the bad effects of the silly policy of educating deaf-mutes in a little book learn-

ing without fully learning a good trade or good habits of industry in the garden, orchard, shops, on the farm, and in the kitchen; for, of all people in the world, the deaf-mutes need most to learn how to make a living, and how to live well and healthy by good cooking and housekeeping. As mutes will marry, like all other people, and have children, it is apparent that they should be qualified by training, &c., to live according to the laws of health in eating, sleeping, and working, and know how to rear healthy, moral children.

Yours truly,
P. A. EMERY.

THE RELATION OF DEAF-MUTES TO THE HEARING WORLD.

BY L. EDDY, M. A., DANVILLE, KY.

[From the *Annals* for October.]

In the July number of the *Annals* of 1876 is an article by the Rev. S. Smith, A. K. C., of London, entitled, "The Silent Community," first published in the British *Quiver*, and then, with some changes, in the *Annals*, as a reply to an article by President E. M. Gallaudet.

Into the controversy, so far as it is known, I have no desire to enter, but to express some thoughts suggested anew by it—thoughts not new, probably, to any one having considerable experience in teaching the deaf and dumb, but which I do not remember having seen in print.

Mr. Smith states the question between himself and President Gallaudet to be whether the "Pedagogic" or the "Parental" system, as he terms them, should be followed in dealing with deaf-mutes. He favors the "Parental," and in defending it and attacking the other, he uses illustrations and arguments leading to conclusions, or equivalent to statements, which all will not admit. Certain difficulties are met with by all teachers of deaf-mutes, and I believe that one class of these difficulties, or the cause of one class, is to be found right here, and in some of the things which Mr. Smith advocates.

His first illustration represents the difference between deaf-mutes and hearing persons to be as great as that between sheep and some other kind of animals, which, if it were so, would settle the question at once and forever in the minds of all. But just here is the point in dispute. Are deaf-mutes so different from hearing persons? Perhaps a deaf-mute prefers another deaf-mute to a hearing person as an associate; it is a matter of taste with him. Now, we are told that there is no disputing about tastes. But if, because Mr. S. likes pepper in his food and I do not, we are told that this difference in tastes makes us as different as a sheep and a dog, then I do dispute. Most deaf-mutes, if not all, do seem to think there is a vast difference between themselves and hearing persons, and no wonder if led by such illustrations, teaching that the difference is not only as wide as that between two races of people, but as that between two kinds of animals.

It is only those who are alike that have the same interests. Those only who are alike can have the same motives, look forward to the same objects, and desire the same future rewards. If the pupil believes himself to be a different kind of being from his teacher, how is the teacher ever to make him enter into the same feelings, hopes, desires, or ambitions with himself? The pupil will instinctively look upon all the teacher says as inapplicable to himself; their words are different. This seems to be a great difficulty in our way, and one that behooves all to attempt with all our might to remove; and by "all" is meant every hearing person with whom a deaf-mute comes in contact. It is an error of the deaf, and of many who hear, which becomes a great and persistent trouble, continually meeting us in its different shapes or consequences. It hinders the teacher in influencing the pupil—in leading him where he wishes, whether in respect to moral or intellectual matters; and then there can be, of course, but little sympathy between persons so different.

We often hear of "clannishness," and we could wish that that were all it is; but if the difference in the persons spoken of is so much greater than that between clans, the word hardly expresses enough. It expresses more than enough, however, in that it gives name to a fact which ought not to be. It recognizes an inability to sympathize; then a feeling of opposition as strong, actually, in some cases, as that between different kinds of animals.

There are deaf-mutes who, instead of looking upon institutions officers as those who are working and making sacrifices for them, doing for and giving to them all they can, consider them as preying upon them, using them in order to get a living and withholding all that they are able to. Such arguments and pleas for their welfare and advancement are urged by President Gallaudet are considered as temptations and attacks, as showing contempt, and a desire to deprive them of even the little enjoyments they have. This is childish—common among all children from the time one is first forbidden to play with his father's razor—but not to be expected in adults, and in them it does not admit of the same explanation as in children.

Clannishness cannot explain it; only the antagonism of a superior and inferior race, which is wrong. There is no race difference, no clan difference, no difference except that of circumstances or opportunities, and against his adverse circumstances the deaf-mute should be taught to struggle as his speaking brother struggles against his. Also, he should be taught that there is no difference between them,

rather than that there is, as Mr. Smith teaches; that their instructors do not think of, nor act upon, any difference, but that they receive just the same treatment as a similar number of hearing pupils would receive; and that institution treatment, wherein a distinction is made between them and the officers, is not because of the difference between them as hearing and deaf, but because of the difference of age and position.

Errors of judgement are to be expected in all children, therefore in our pupils. With the acquired knowledge and experience of age comes a great measure, according to the correctness of the instruction and impressions received. We should expect graduates of our institutions, on reaching maturity, in the exercise of a correct judgment, to ignore any difference of an unpleasant nature between them and others—any difference even as great as that between a foreigner unable to speak the language and a native. Instead of this, we find them, to a large extent, treating themselves as a different race; desiring their own conventions, associations, periodicals, reading-rooms, etc.; thinking when an article is rejected by a publisher that it is owing to their being deaf-mutes, instead of its being rejected on its own merits; attributing all their rebuffs from their fellow-men to their infirmity, instead of to themselves. So believing, they rightly pronounce their treatment unjust, and, smarting under it, may go to the length of advocating "a silent republic, independent of all hearing influence"—that influence being so hostile, as it appears to them.

There is no objection to associations of deaf-mutes for social intercourse and improvement, for reasons of language, but to such associations for any purpose regarding deaf-mutes as a class there is objection. The unions or societies of churchmen, conservatives, etc., to which Mr. Smith refers, having for their object the fitting of their members for greater usefulness to their fellow-men, thus corresponding to our institutions—in other words, having their object outside of themselves—do not illustrate this question. I object to such deaf-mute societies, not because they are deaf-mute, but for the same reason that I would object to a German or Odd-Fellow society, if the first tended to keep its members Germans instead of letting them become Americans, or the second tended to unfit its members for association with non-members. Mr. Smith is misled when he likens a deaf-mute convention to a "church" or "social science congress." The name of the first refers to the beliefs of the persons composing the society, that of the other to its object, and both are open to all the world. If, instead of the second, we say a German or French society, and then understand the object to be something essentially German or French, as opposed to American, from a political standpoint, we are rightly jealous of such a society in our midst, because it antagonizes our own institutions. So, after striving, as we do, to give a deaf-mute all the advantages of a hearing person, and to give him free entrance to the society of hearing people, we are rightly jealous of such societies or papers as will undo our work, will develop a querness in him, and will cause him to turn round and declare all hearing people his foes.

Speaking of "special newspapers," Mr. Smith says: "They insert class-news, or articles on deaf and dumb subjects." To the word "class" I object, not seeing that he has proved them a separate class of beings, and believing that their so looking upon themselves constitutes one of the great obstacles in the way of their own improvement and happiness, and in the way of their instructors. Next, what is a deaf and dumb subject? What is there, or can there be, properly so called? I know of no matter of peculiar interest to them, and have seen nothing in the papers published for or by deaf-mutes of greater interest to them than to those hearing persons engaged in the instruction of deaf-mutes, unless it be that which Mr. Smith himself alludes to when he says that "the majority are content, if left to themselves, with the gossip and scandal of their class. In this taste I do not see that they are so very different from their hearing brethren, only these editors yield to a temptation hearing editors resist, because they have learned to consider themselves only poor deaf-mutes, of whom so much is not expected."

I have shown some ways in which this error hinders our work. Another way is found in these special newspapers, or other productions, which are put forth with the understanding that, coming from hearing persons, they would perish in their lack of worth; but that, coming from deaf-mutes, they live, nothing better being expected or desired. These papers then become specimens, and make those unacquainted with the deaf and dumb think that they are a class, a class of defectives; so singular and so defective that it is of no use to do much for them, for their education, or to place them on an equality with others. Held up as specimens of the results of our work, they tell powerfully against us.

I call upon all instructors, then, to contend against this error, teaching that the same in quality and quantity is expected of a deaf-mute as of a hearing person of like talents; that it is unworthy of them to delight in a literature consisting mostly of petty personal gossip; that it is not for them to yield to natural indolence, and omit all effort to rise, any more than for others; and if they do not hold up their heads, and put themselves alongside of others, they need not expect that any one else will put them there. Indulging in this error, many deaf-

mute teachers are actually so inconsistent as, while themselves treated as their hearing colleagues are, to think that the pupils are not thus treated because they are deaf and dumb—not for the true reasons. In their error they consider and treat the pupils as equals, and thus implant and foster in their minds mistaken notions, which are in the way of their progress and happiness both while in the institution and in after life. They seem to be unconscious of the real, natural difference of level between child and adult, pupil and teacher, and often even that between child and parent. Would not a teacher do more harm than good if, in all applications of institution rules and discipline, it was felt that he was on the side of the pupils, and that he regarded what was done as only an act of power that would not be dared in a hearing school? I take the liberty of telling my deaf-mute friends that the liability to, or prevalence of, this error is what deters principals from the employment of more deaf-mute teachers. Men are sought as teachers, not those who remain children all their lives.

Further a man will not be rated higher than he rates himself. Accordingly, he who holds himself on a level with children in his feelings, desires, judgments, and fellowship, being as free and indiscriminate in his topics of conversation with them as with adults, will only be considered a child himself, and if he is annoyed by the neglect of hearing persons he has only himself to blame.

Thus some teachers personally injure themselves and those they are among; and Mr. Smith, and those who believe as he, build up and strengthen those very barriers between the hearing and the deaf which it is the purpose of the education of the latter to obliterate.

A MODEL CONFESSION.

Several years ago, in a Western town, a young lawyer, a member of a large church, got drunk. The brethren said he must confess. He demurred. He knew the members to be good people, but that they had their little faults, such as driving sharp bargains, screwing the laborer down to low wages, loaning money at illegal rates, misrepresenting articles they had for sale, etc. But they were good people, and pressed the lawyer to come before the church meeting and own up his sin of taking a glass too much, for they were temperance people and abhorred intemperance.

The sinner finally went to the confession, found a large gathering of brethren and sisters, whose bowed heads rose and whose eyes glistened with pure delight as the lawyer began his confession.

"I confess," he said, "that I never took 10 per cent. for money." On that confession down went a brother's head with a groan. "I never turned a poor man from my door who needed food or shelter." Down went another head. "I confess I never sold a skim-milk cheese for a new milk one," whereupon a sister shrieked for mercy. "But," concluded the sinner, "I have been drunk, and am very sorry for it."

Whereupon the meeting very peaceably dispersed.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

[From our regular correspondent.]

WASHINGTON, D. C., Nov. 6, 1878.

The agony is over, and a count of the votes reveals a tolerably mixed condition of things. It is not every year that we can have elections over the result of which both sides can appear to be happy. But that seems to be about the way it is now. The Democrats are pleased with the control of both Houses of the next Congress, and the Republicans express satisfaction at being able to hold Pennsylvania and other States and retain Conklin as Senator from New York. This makes every thing lovely all around. The Democratic majority in the House of Representatives is not as large as was expected, and not as large as it probably would have been but for divisions in New York and elsewhere. The Greenback vote also appears to have hurt the Democrats most, especially in the East. In Connecticut, for instance, the new party takes away a vote just about covering the usual Democratic majority in the State. Unquestionably the national vote aggregates, in the whole country, less than had been expected—less even than both the old parties had conceded. Why this is so, and what significance may be attached, I will not at this time undertake to discuss.

The views of the acting President and his interesting Cabinet touching the elections have been fully given. Mr. Hayes is as usual "gratified." He says the result is an endorsement of the financial policy of his Administration. "A few Republican politicians," said he, yesterday, "made a big fuss, and abused me because they could not get all the offices they wanted; but the elections show that the Administration and its policy are endorsed by its people." Mr. Hayes says that the loss of Congress to the Republicans is not a disappointment, as no man with any political sagacity whatever has counted upon any thing but a Democratic majority since the October elections. John Sherman is also "gratified" at what he regards an evidence that the North is becoming solid as against a solid South. He helped to give the bloody shirt a vigorous shake, and is therefore ready to claim some credit for the ensanguined garment. But John bets the most of his money on the financial issue, and assumes to believe there will be no opposition to resumption. And on this point John ought to have explained whether he proposes

to pay out gold when he resumes. There is an ugly story going around that he proposes to resort to a trick—that while professing to resume he will still hoard the gold and pay out only silver. Carl Schurz also comes in and claims a victory for the Administration's financial policy. "I did it with my little speech," says the slender-limbed Secretary, as he adjusts his eyeglasses and turns his attention to reforming the civil service—in a horn. They all, even to the little Key, put the financial question uppermost, and talk of "honest money"—whatever that is—as the kind that will circulate hereafter. Lots of people hope there will be enough of it to go around.

But the breaking up of political calculations, and the readiness of former partisans to join in independent movements, may not be without their wholesome effects. The overthrow of Tammany in New York and the large Butler vote in Massachusetts are evidences of the loose manner in which the party cloak hangs upon the shoulders of many people. In this holding other things above party lies the salvation of the nation, and when we have arrived at that period wherein the common weal is regarded above partisan triumph and the spoils of office it may be as happy an era as that of the good old times of the Roman republic, of which Macaulay joyously sings:

"Then none was for a party;
Then all were for the State,
Then the great men helped the poor,
And the poor man loved the great.
Then lands were fairly portioned,
Then spoils were fairly sold,
Then Romans were like brothers
In the brave days of old."

DOM PEDRO.

A Minnesota Husband's Trouble With Limburger.

"A young gentleman of Faribault, a boy among the boys, who occasionally visited saloons and sampled lamb's tongue, pig's feet, tripe, and actually educated himself to like Limburger cheese, after a while married, as such men will. His wife is a cultivated and sensitive little creature, as lovable as she is sensitive. Well, Robert—that was his name, Bob for short—shook the boys after marriage, as he ought, and stopped around home for two or three weeks every evening; but there were times when he had an awful hankering for his old relishes, such as herein before described, especially the cheese, and one evening, being down town on an errand, he thought he would take a little Limburger home and have an old-fashioned lunch before retiring. He got the cheese and started for home, but as he neared his abode it struck him that it was the rankest cheese, even for Limburger, in all his experience. People held their noses as they met him, and every dog in the front yard went around behind the house as he went by. Before he reached home his courage gave out and he slipped his bundle into a hole in the gate-post, thinking he would go in and interview his wife—sort of prepare her for the meeting, as it were. But he was scarcely in the house before his wife gave a warning sniff, and, looking at him sharp, inquired if he was sure he hadn't stepped into something. Bob mistrusted what was the matter, but innocently looked first at one foot and then at the other, and said: "No; my feet are all right." Mrs. Bob gave a sniff or two more, got up, opened the door, closed it suddenly, and then went into the rooms leading toward the rear of the house. She was gone about five minutes and in the meantime Bob became satisfied what the trouble was, but for the life of him did not dare to tell her. What would she say to learn that he had ever eaten such stuff? She never would forgive him, and would probably apply for a divorce.

She speedily returned and said, in a business sort of way, "Robert, we must have the sewer cleaned, and the scavenge here. I can't stand it any longer. It's getting to be perfectly awful." Bob said that he would attend to it in the morning, and the first opportunity slipped out, got a spade, took the cheese into the garden and buried it. But he had to have the sewer, etc., cleaned all the same, and the job cost him \$5. A few months later Bob told his wife about it, but declared the cheese was given him to try; he had never eaten any of it himself."

KNOWLEDGE VS. PLEASURE.

Pleasure is a shadow, wealth is vanity, and power a pagan, but knowledge is ecstatic in enjoyment, perennial in fame, unlimited in space, and infinite in duration. In performance of its sacred offices it fears no danger, spares no expenses, omits no exertion. It scales the mountain, looks into the volcano, dives into the ocean, perforates the earth, encircles the globe, explores sea and land, contemplates the distant, ascends to the sublime. No place too remote for its grasp, no heaven too exalted for its reach.

—Maynooth College, Ireland, recently suffered a heavy loss by fire. Two wings of the college were destroyed, and the library was slightly damaged. The loss was estimated at \$50,000. The students lost all their personal property. The fire was caused by the overheating of the warming apparatus.

—In a feud between two brothers, Judson and Cassius Carpenter, of South Granville, Washington county, N. Y., the latter was fatally wounded, the former firing three times. James Monroe, a bystander, who tried to quell the quarrel, was also fired at, but was not hurt.

